



# COSTAGUANA



Volume 10, Number 12

November 9, 1985

Good morning. This is California Disease Control, reporting that the rampant epidemic of Guatemalan parrot fever, which as you know has been spreading uncontrollably for several years, has finally been contained. As a memento of this momentous moment, I present for your edification this Souvenir Programme, which looks to the unaided eye like yet another godawful Diplomacy journal. But it isn't.

PLEASE NOTE: There is the possibility that the paper on which these pages were printed has been accidentally impregnated with the Guatemalan parrot fever virus. It is important to note that the only known cure is wholly ineffective outside California (we have the victims go surfing until the virus dies of boredom). Sorry if we create a problem for you. (Note to Canadian readers: If you find any infection up your way, you might try exposing the virus to the speeches of Mr. Mulroney....)

Anyway. As I said, this looks a lot like COSTAGUANA, but it isn't. If it were, it would be a journal of postal Diplomacy and hebephrenic hilarity, published every three weeks (except in December) by Conrad F. von Metzke, 4374 Donald Ave., San Diego, CA 92117-3813, USA. For sub rates and game fees, see below. My 'phone at home is (619) 276-2937. If my older son, Ross, answers, he cannot take moves, but he will be happy to discuss school or Madonna with you. If my wife, Jean, answers, she can take moves, but they will always be misspelled. If I answer, your moves will be fine, but I have a tendency to carry on lengthy conversations that run up your 'phone bill. Best advice: If it's Ross, tell him you'll call back. If it's Jean, spell every move carefully. If it's I, read your moves quickly and slam the receiver down in my ear.

In a pinch, call me at work, but please only in desperation. I'm normally there 6:30-3:30 Pacific time. I still tend to babble a lot, but no problem; just read the moves and then ask to speak to my boss. (You can hang up while you're on hold.) (619) 273-4830 or 273-1208.

Trades, all-for-all, are welcomed.

Game openings: One section of regular Diplomacy, to start as soon after the first of the year as it fills. Preference lists please. Also one section of the Cline 9-Man Variant, rules & maps for which I will print shortly. And, with the orphan we collected this time, that's about my limit.

NEW FEE SCHEDULE: I've been bandying about new game fee & subscription ideas of late, and I've now decided that effective immediately, there are two ways to get COSTAGUANA:

TRADES: All-for-all, with no money exchanged.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: 22c per issue.

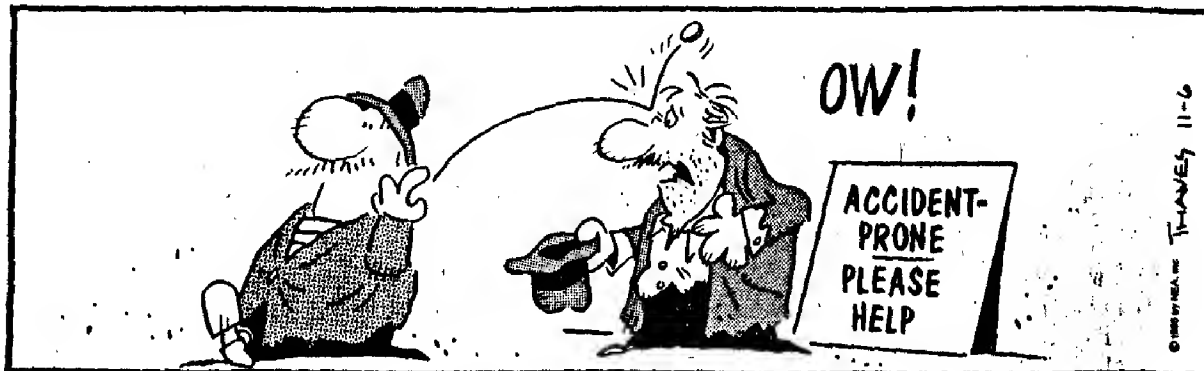
GAME FEES: None.

All recipients of this journal will be required to maintain a current subscription (or trade) arrangement. If you want to play in a new game, just say so; as long as you keep your sub (or trade) current, you're in. You will receive every issue for which you've paid (at 22c per copy); if you're in a game and your sub runs out, you may suddenly find that you're not seeing the current game results, but that's your problem, not mine.

BUT PLEASE NOTE: This new structure is not retroactive. If you are a player in an existing game, your sub has been paid (irrespective of how) until game's end. Do not send me any more money now. Worry about it only when your current game(s) end(s).

FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



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### REVIEWS

Other journals customarily review movies or rock records? Well, COSTAGUANA has a slightly different slant:

#### 1. ANTON BRUCKNER: Symphony #8 in C Minor

A real appreciation of the art and work of Bruckner is an acquired thing. Down through the centuries and across the major schools of composition, the major composers tend to stand out for a range of factors, among which is almost always instant listener appeal. Bach stands above Fux, Mozart above Wagenseil, Schubert above Schobert, Wagner above Reitz - because the greater of each pair captures and holds attention, where the lesser may or may not. In Bruckner's case the thesis collapses. In most cases, a playing of one of his works will not 'grab' the hearer with hypnotic tentacles of sound; if an impression is made at all, it is almost always that the music bears further scrutiny. Bruckner ensnares, all right; but normally on the second, or third, or fourth hearing; rarely on the first.

Bruckner (1824-1896) is best known for his huge, expansive symphonies; he wrote eleven of them, of which the first two are unnumbered and the last (the Ninth) is unfinished. He also wrote Masses, a Te Deum, a Requiem, a string quintet, and a handful of minor pieces which are rarely heard. There are many powerful pieces in this subsidiary list, but it is on the symphonies that his reputation is, and always will be, founded.

Unlike most of the great composers of his or any other age, Bruckner was nothing even remotely resembling a prodigy. He grew up in a musical family, obtained solid training, and spent his early adult years in the field, as the organist at St. Florian, where he achieved a certain local reputation as a master of improvisation and of the interpretation of the great masters of the instrument (Bach, Buxtehude, etc.). But as a composer, he remained wholly insignificant for an amazingly long time. Original compositions are known from him as early as his eleventh year, but they are extremely ordinary; and the level of his productions remained at best 'average,' with one exception, until he was forty years old. (The exception, the Requiem of 1848-1849, has a few hints of what Bruckner would become; but they are sporadic, and the whole is unsatisfying.)

In 1855 - Bruckner was thirty-one - he decided, rather suddenly, that he needed a complete new course in musicianship. Shortly before his death, Schubert had decided the same thing, and had picked a well-respected Viennese theoretician named Simon Sechter; Schubert took exactly one lesson (his second appointment was on the day he died). Twenty-seven years later, Bruckner selected the very same theoretician, and embarked on a six-year course of study in fundamental musical theory and application. Having completed Sechter's programme, Bruckner then turned - for two more years - to the conductor Otto Kitzler for grounding in more practical matters of orchestration and repertoire. It was through Kitzler that Bruckner became acquainted with the music of Richard Wagner, and our middle-aged, 'ordinary' composer was never the same thereafter.

Bruckner's first purely orchestral efforts, a set of four pieces prepared as exercises in four different technical forms, dates from 1862. The next year, Bruckner penned a concert overture in g minor (another exercise) and his first symphony, called the 'Study Symphony,' in f minor. All these efforts were supervised by Kitzler, and it is unfortunate that no record of Kitzler's opinions survives. Because with the Overture and Symphony, the mastery of Bruckner's mature years begins to show. It is still tentative, but it can be recognized.

In 1864, Bruckner began to work without his teachers, and the first 'unsupervised' works of consequence appeared: The Mass in d minor, and the First Symphony. Very quickly followed the Mass in e minor and the d minor Symphony later withdrawn and labelled "Number 0", and then we get a second version of the First Symphony, the f minor Mass, the Second Symphony, and the unbroken succession of masterworks which followed.

Recognition was very slow in coming to Bruckner. His early works were literally laughed at; his first significant champion, the conductor Hans Richter, scheduled a performance of the Third Symphony for a concert which could have been a turning point - but, rotten luck, Richter died quite suddenly in 1877 and the concert was not held. But still the music came, and the performances were less frequently booed, and in time a brace of disciples clustered around the now-aging master, determined to bring his music before the public in the manner it deserved. Foremost among these was the young upstart pianist Gustav Mahler, whose early career consisted substantially in making arrangements for two pianos of the Bruckner symphonies, then playing them at salon parties in the hope of attracting attention and sponsorship.

Success finally came. The conductor of the respected Munich Philharmonic, Hermann Levi, had the symphonies of Bruckner brought to his attention by Mahler. Levi was a forward-looking maestro, and he quickly saw the merit and genius in the pages of sprawling score which Mahler presented to him; he immediately programmed the Seventh Symphony (with the Fourth to follow), and achieved a smash success. Both works were instant hits! At the age of sixty-two, Bruckner had finally arrived!

At this point - 1887 - Bruckner was beginning work on his greatest effort yet, the Eighth Symphony in c minor, a gigantic work bringing to culmination all that had gone before. Spurred by the enthusiastic reception accorded his other symphonies, the euphoric Bruckner sent the score of his newest magnum opus to Levi in 1888, asking for comments and a performance. The results nearly destroyed him.

The Eighth is not the Seventh, nor is it the Fourth. The earlier pair have glowingly attractive themes, sun-kissed warmth, and classical proportions. Number 8 doesn't; it broods, it grows slowly from a foundation of mystery, and it replaces the climactic glow of the earlier works with a driving pathos that is far, far different. Bruckner's error was understandable, but quite fundamental; he thought that Levi had championed his music in general; but that was not the case at all. Levi had been warmed by Bruckner's sun, to be sure; but he had not been touched by the master's more solemn moods. When Bruckner turned inward, Levi missed the point and turned away.

Hermann Levi, Bruckner's newest champion, returned the score of the Eighth with thanks; he was glad to have seen it, but it wasn't what he had in mind for his next concert series, thank you, and perhaps another time....

Bruckner was devastated. Convinced that Levi's specific rejection was a renunciation of his entire musical vision (and never once giving a thought to the possibility that Levi had his limitations too), Bruckner immediately set to work 'fixing' every Symphony he'd written. So the Eighth was too bold, too austere? No problem; Bruckner could fix that; he'd just rewrite the whole thing, to make it more palatable, more bland, less futuristic....and while he was about it, he'd just fix up a bunch of other things too, like the three Masses, the First Symphony, the Second Symphony, the Third Symphony....

In this effort, Bruckner was aided and advised by his well-meaning but, in retrospect, severely misguided pupils: Josef Schalk, Cyrill Hynais and Ferdinand Löwe. These men influenced Bruckner to revamp his compositions to make them more "Wagnerian," reasoning that that would be what the public wanted. Acting on this advice, Bruckner undertook some of his own alterations, and delegated others to the pupils themselves. The results were almost entirely emasculations. The new versions of the First and Third, which Bruckner did himself, are not half-bad; the Fourth, apparently the work of Schalk, is brutal; the Fifth and the d minor Mass, done by Löwe, completely destroy the pieces; the Eighth, done by Bruckner along guidelines proposed by both Löwe and Schalk, do severe damage (but fall short of ruining) the composer's astonishing vision. The parade goes on; and it continued even after Bruckner's death, when Löwe performed a similar gutting of the unfinished Ninth. The only major work of Bruckner's to escape unscathed was the Sixth, the revision of which was assigned to Mahler - who had the sense not to fulfil the assignment.

Schalk and Löwe not only made revisions, they rushed their hashed outrages into print, and it was thus that the Bruckner symphonies and Masses became known in their bastardized versions in the early years of this century. A contributing factor was that both Schalk and Löwe became prominent conductors in their own rights, and used the forums thus given them to popularize their own versions of their mentor's works. Both men also became major teachers of conducting, and thus passed along their influence to the next generation; prominent among their disciples were Hans Knappertsbusch, Charles Adler and William Steinberg.

But in the 1930s, the winds of change began to blow. Curiously enough (and embarrassingly), the immediate cause was the ascension to power of Adolf Hitler. Because the German madman championed Wagner, and by extension all of Wagner's cohorts and followers, new efforts were begun on behalf of several major composers to bring their work to the public. Though Austria was not conquered until 1938, already in 1934 (in the aftermath of the Nazi assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss) the music world in Vienna was altered. The music librarian at the Vienna Staatsbibliothek was replaced by a distinguished scholar who happened to be a Fascist: Robert Haas. We can, if we choose, dismiss Dr. Haas as an idiot because of his screwball political views, but we would thus lose sight of the fact that, political fool or not, Dr. Haas was a musicological genius. He instituted major re-examinations of the works of a number of composers, and presided over truly huge contributions to the study of music history and the preservation of significant 'neglected' works. Despite his personal Fascism, one of the composers for whom Dr. Haas did great service was the later-to-be-banned Jew, Felix Mendelssohn.

But above all else, Dr. Haas became the champion and savior of Anton Bruckner. Once the last obstacle of real influence was gone (namely Josef Schalk, who died in 1935), Haas undertook to assemble all the original sketches and scores that Bruckner had left, sort them out in the light of historical and musicological reality, and publish "original versions" of the major compositions. The task was a massive one, and was not completed before the Nazi regime collapsed and Dr. Haas was removed from his post; but the beginnings were of real value.

Haas was succeeded in his post by Dr. Leopold Nowak, who revised everything that Haas had done (not always advantageously) and continued the work to the point that, by 1957, authentic texts of all Bruckner's works were in print.

In general, conductors were quickly and universally receptive to the Haas/Nowak efforts. A few diehards held out and spent the rest of their lives enmired in the old Schalk/Löwe texts: Knappertsbusch was still using the abominated scores into the 'seventies. But most musical directors quickly adopted the Viennese research; foremost among the champions of the modern scholarship was Bruno Walter, who was using Haas' editions in the late 'thirties, and continued to insist on them until his dying day - this despite the fact that Haas was a Nazi and Walter was a Jew who had been run out of Germany.

Shortly after Austria's liberation, a bold young conductor named Volkmar Andreae defied all the strictures against Nazi-tainted music and started programming Bruckner symphonies - using Haas' texts - with the Vienna Symphony. Simultaneously, the legendary Wilhelm Furtwängler did the same with the Vienna Philharmonic and Berlin Philharmonic. In Holland, the Nazi collaborator Willem Mengelberg (who had championed Bruckner using the Schalk/Löwe texts) was supplanted first by Eduard van Beinum, and later by Eugen Jochum and Bernard Haitink using the Haas and Nowak editions. In America, Bruckner was pushed by two unreconstructed Schalk disciples - the German transplant William Steinberg and the British-born, Viennese-trained founder of the Saratoga Music Festival, Frederick Charles Adler. In contrast, Bruno Walter - by now conductor in New York - continued his emphasis on Haas' "definitive" texts.

Since the deaths of the members of the 'old school' - Knappertsbusch, Adler, Steinberg and a few others - performances have generally stuck to the Haas and Nowak editions. For a number of years, the Nowak editions were highly in vogue: Bernard Haitink in particular doted on them. Lately, Haas' efforts have been re-introduced, and now form the basis of most contemporary Bruckner performances. Sir Georg Solti, who for years favored Nowak, has recently come back to Haas. The late Fritz Konwitschny, possibly the most unsung of great Bruckner interpreters, used Haas' scores. Leonard Bernstein, a Jew, has expressed preference for Haas' "Nazi" editions. The best of the current Bruckner interpreters, Klaus Tennstedt and Kurt Masur, have never used anything else.

In producing his published edition of the Eighth Symphony, Robert Haas ranged farther afield than he did in any other score he edited. As he wrote in his preface to the score, there are essentially three versions of the symphony which must be considered. The first, the true 'original,' dates from 1887-1888 and is the score which Hermann Levi rejected. The second, which is more or less an extension of the original score, was Bruckner's 'revision' of his original perpetrated before Levi made his ominous pronouncement. (Bruckner almost always began a score revision immediately he had completed the first draft; there was nothing manic or depressive about it.) And the third was the misery-induced 'condensation' of his original idea; this dates from ca. 1890-1891.

Nowak, purist without vision, took the 1888 score quite literally, and published Bruckner's "original intent" without regard for any second thoughts of mature judgment. Haas, a far more brilliant man, created a combination of the first two versions that preserved the best of both. To answer the question, which represents Bruckner's final intentions, is not possible; if nothing else, Bruckner was famous for changing his mind approximately every ten minutes. If we resurrected the man tomorrow, we probably would still not solve it; as insecure as he was, he'd undoubtedly listen to everything we could place before him, soak it all in, and then ask, "But which one do you like?"

To recommend a recording above all others is an impossibility. I have heard every known disc version, and several in-person interpretations never committed to records; and I have so many favorites that it boggles the mind. Among discontinued sets, those by Furtwängler (Haas), Van Beinum (Nowak) and Knappertsbusch (Schalk) stand out; the latter is especially interesting for its ability to take the poorest score and make a truly moving performance of it. (Knappertsbusch had this facility; he could do anything well.) More recently, recordings by Solti (Nowak) and Karajan (Haas with modifications) are of real importance. Klemperer (Nowak) gave us a granite-hard interpretation from which a standard can readily be established; Tennstedt (Haas) and Masur (Haas) have added the warmth without which Bruckner becomes sterile.

If ever you decide to go to the record store and buy a Bruckner Eighth, I really think you'd be happiest with Klaus Tennstedt's reading. If you fall in love with the music, as I have, then you can start shopping for comparative versions, and maybe even hit me up for tapes of the discontinued sets that I have.

BUT. Mark, and mark well, the following advice: If you have not yet come to Bruckner in any form, file this extended article away for future reference. The Eighth is not the place to start cold: Begin instead with the Fourth or Seventh. (I am, of course, capable of discussing and recommending recordings of those as well.) Bruckner must be grown into slowly. Savor the experience; go ahead and grow.

ROSS DEPARTMENT: Ross attends public school, in a K-1-2 combined 'magnet' program for so-called 'gifted' children. At the end of the last school year, Ross' teacher, Janet Wallace, compiled and published an anthology of her students' doodlings, projects, drawings, writings, etc., and gave every family a copy. The result, a 140-page spiral-bound book, is a true treasure. And when you consider that Ms. Wallace paid the full cost from her own pocket (a local merchant donated the copy machine, but that was the only offset), the effort says as much for her as it does for her students.

A few excerpts from the book follow. More excerpts will be placed in these pages in future issues. In the interest of showing what Ross' class can do as a unit, and as a conglomeration of fascinating individuals, no names are used. Some of these items were penned by Ross, but most were not.

A final introductory note: Contributions of five students have been translated by Ms. Wallace from the original Spanish; the contributions of one other have been translated by me from the original Polish.

#### BEGINNINGS

My name is Rachel Solorio. I was born May 29, 1977. I was born happy.

My name is Ian Kerch. My big brother and my parents were born in a hospital, but the rest of my family was born at home. I was born with a big bruise on my forehead, but it went away in an hour.

My name is Tomasz Karol Cichocki. I was born in a hospital in Poland. My mother worked in the office of that hospital, except when I was born.

My name is Travis Fee. I was born on November 13, 1979. My first words were "Ga-gagoo-da."

My name is Ross William von Metzke. I was born June 17, 1978, in St. Paul, Minnesota. ((Editor's note: Ross was actually born in 1979 in San Diego. He has never been to St. Paul. It remains a mystery why he dictated this particular fact.))

#### LETTERS TO THE PRESIDENT

Dear President Reagan: I wish I could live in Washington. I wish there were no policemen there. I am mad that the plants are being kicked by kids, but it isn't I.

Dear President Reagan: I think you should change some of your rules. Like I mean you should give enough money so children in Ethiopia may have enough money.

Dear President Reagan: I wish Mondale was President because he would feed the poor people. You were President for four years, you should let someone else have a turn. I really did not want to write this letter, but I had to tell the truth about you.

Dear President Reagan: I'm sorry to say this but I think you are doing some of the wrong things. I am 5 and 3/4 years old. P.S.: I wish that war would stop.

Dear President Reagan: I'm mad that trees are dying because of pollution. I do not care for you making bombs. Can you please stop the wars?





ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS COSTAGUANA MAILING LIST

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## A NEW GAME ! !

Well...not really. Beginning this issue, Game 1984C (hereinafter, "The Distraught Dingo") joins us. This is an orphan, having been relinquished to my control by Rod Walker from his EREHWON and its subordinate FROG STAR. Rod has helped me many a time in my recurring hours of need, and I've reciprocated; in general, we've rather taken turns over the last twenty-odd years. He had the last shot, so now it's my opt.

This game has languished since July, so a potential exists for the appointment of (a) replacement player(s). Current information on this likelihood follows the drive you're now reading.

On 30th October, advice was sent to all players of record, stating the circumstances of the transfer of control, and requesting (a) notification of intent to continue, and (b) Spring 1906 orders. The former was requested by return post; the latter was deadlined for 30th November. In the same mailing, the Winter 1905 retreats and builds were revealed.

At this writing, the players and positions are:

ENGLAND (Stephen Wilcox): a bre; f's nwy, nth, mid, eng (5).  
 FRANCE (Don Del Grande): a gas (1).  
 GERMANY (Terry Tallman): a's boh, sil, ber, den, par; f's kie, hol (7).  
 ITALY (Scott Hanson): a's ven, mar; f's nap, wes, tun, spa sc (6).  
 RUSSIA (Dave Kleiman): a's war, pru, tri, bud, fin, lvn, vie; f swe (8).  
 TURKEY (Nelson Heintzman): a's rum, ser; f's smy, aeg, ion, gre, naf (?).

Now let me warn these new participants of a few quirks they will find in their new home. Rod used to print moves in combination form, grouping related orders ("A BER-PRU (S) A SIL"). I don't; I list each unit, and its order, separately. Rod also used upper case to signify final unit position ("a ber-PRU (s) a SIL"). Again, I don't; I type it all lower case, underlining failed orders; thus if a unit is ordered to move and the move is not underlined, the unit moves; if the order is underscored, the unit doesn't move. As to province abbreviations, Rod and I generally mesh; I use 'tyn' for Tyrrhenian and 'tyo' for Tyrolia, but I think that's it for divergence; in any case, my version is fairly obvious. Press policy here: No 'black' press, all other welcome. I reserve the right to edit as needed, but I won't unless I have to. But I do insist on the privilege of writing my own press rejoinders, and they always appear under the dateline 'Jamul.' You can't use that one, but you are welcome to any other 'grey' press incipit.

('Jamul' - pronounced 'ha-MOOL') is the name of a small town in San Diego County wherein I once lived; for years, my mailing address was a post office box address there. It has no other significance. The name is an Indian word as spelt by the Spanish; I do not know the meaning.)

On the next page, I reproduce Don Del Grande's move submission and press release. It well deserves blatant showcasing. (I've taken the liberty to elide, via white-out, Don's votes on the draw proposals.)

Now: As of press time, here's how we stand on players:

(Dateline Friday, Nov. 8): Don Del Grande (France) will continue. Italy (Scott Hanson) has regretfully resigned, and will be replaced by Keith Sherwood, address on Page 9. (SATURDAY FLASH) - HEINTZMAN STILL IN,

Nobody else has yet replied. Please, guys, let me know. I must tell you this: It is unreasonable to consider continuing this game unless a reasonable number of the original players are interested: And so I would have to insist that, unless I've heard from at least three of you, positively, in a week or so, I'll just call it off. Fair?

# AXPHAIN PRESS

which is, by some miracle, a thing of orders by Don Del Grande, 142 Eliseo Drive, Greenbrae, CA 94904-1339

I missed THE COMPLEAT DIPLOMAT in the latest GENERAL - in the meantime, I got a letter from Rex Martin telling me I was a winner in Contest 123 (HITLER'S WAR). And to think people think we think non-DIPLOMACY games are cumbersome complexities and inept imitations. (I wonder who thought that one up?)

AXPHAIN (1984C).....WINTER 1905.....FRANCE.....JULY 8, 1985

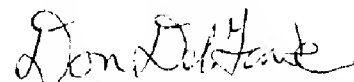
No change in status.

Advance SPRING 1906 orders:

*CENSORED!  
CVM*

PRESS Since it never seems to get printed, why bother? Actually, I haven't written any in a while, so I don't bother, so it doesn't matter if you print it or not, although you can't, since I don't. Maybe you could apologize for "outdated predecessors, inept imitations, and cumbersome complexities" (well, I'll go along with you on the first two). By the way....those of us who have seen "cumbersome complexities" know that one MAJOR reason why DIPLOMACY - and, for that matter, CIVILIZATION - isn't the greatest thing since sliced bread is that something is missing from the map....a hex grid. (Area movement is an automatic minus with most gamers.)

THE SIGNATURE



How many people have won contests in THE GENERAL in two different games?

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## A NEW GAME BEGINS!

It is my pleasure to announce the beginning of COSTAGUANA's newest regular game, 'The Delirious Dik-Dik.' Gamestart notices went out about a week ago, and the Spring 1901 deadline was set for December 7, 1985. This will not coincide with the next issue, so the first move will go out by flyer and will be reprinted, along with Fall 1901, in COSTA 10/14 after the first of the year.

Players are: John Walker (A), Simon Billenness (E), Robert Acheson (F), Daniel Gorham (G), Paul Rauterberg (I), Ron Brown (R), and Rob Anderson (T).

Bill Quinn has been approached for a number, of course.

GAME 1984HI - The Extroverted Emu - Spring 1906

AUSTRIA (Pierce): a arm-smy. a ser-bud. a con (s) arm-smy. a tri (s) vie-tyo. a apu-ven. a sev (s) GER war-mos. a rum (s) ser-bud. a vie-tyo. f adr-ion. f gre (s) adr-ion.

ENGLAND: f yor (h).

FRANCE (Fleming): a ven-tri. a tyo (s) ven-tri. a lon-wal. a mar-tus. f lyo (c) mar-tus. f naf-tun. f eas-aeg. f tyn-ion. f wal-eng.

GERMANY (J.Walker): a bel (h). a gal-ukr. a war (s) lvn-mos. a lvn-mos. a boh-gal. a mun-boh. a ber-mun. f nth (h). f nwy-nwg. f edi-cly. f stp nc (h).

ITALY: f nap (h).

TURKEY (Sherwood): a mos salutes its German ally ((hah!)). a bud-ser.

Both Turkish units are blasted to fudge, and my deep and sincere thanks to Keith for helping out with an unpromising position.

It has been proposed that we call this game a three-way draw, and end it. Votes next time, please; any 'nay' kills it, votes not cast register 'yea.'

Fall 1906 moves (and votes) are due Saturday, November 30, 1985. That's Thanksgiving weekend, so please allow for holiday bustle and the probable slower mail service.

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Game 1983CA - The Olfactory Okapi -

THE END!

No votes against having been received, the draw is declared enacted. It will be recorded as three-ways, among France (Dale Bakken), Italy (John Caruso) and Russia (Daniel Gorham), with Austria (John Walker) and Germany (Ed Menders) surviving.

It might be noted that I have a suspicion that at least one player thinks he voted 'no,' but he didn't, and I can prove it. Therefore, I'm declaring the end and moving this one on its merry way into the record books.

I have no data on the game prior to that point when Doug Beyerlein passed it along; so I'm asking Doug if he has the prior records to print. If so, I'll do a full summary next issue. If not, I'll print those data which I have, and will also gladly include any end-game statements which any player wishes to submit.

I have one cute press release accidentally omitted last time:

DALE TO JAMUL: Would you like a dog? I recommend my ex-wife....

JAMUL TO DALE: No problem, send her along. I'll even send you my ex in trade....

All for now. See you next issue with whatever we have for wrap-up.



Justice Department

## Marshal Meese

Atty. Gen. Edwin Meese III seems to go out of his way to demonstrate his unfitness for the high office he holds. Virtually everything he says in public about legal issues flies in the face of good sense, accepted jurisprudence and the American system of government.

Meese's latest foray into absurdity appears in an interview in this week's issue of *U.S. News & World Report*. He was asked to explain his opposition to the Supreme Court's *Miranda* ruling, which requires that before the police question a suspect, they must advise him of his right to have a lawyer and to remain silent. Meese was asked, whether a suspect, who may be innocent, shouldn't have that protection. He replied:

"Suspects who are innocent of a crime should. But the thing is, you don't have many suspects who are innocent of a crime. That's contradictory. If a person is innocent of a crime, then he is not a suspect."

If it weren't the attorney general speaking, this would be a joke. In fact, there is such a joke: Everyone who is arrested is guilty or he wouldn't

have been arrested. But coming from the attorney general, this view evokes more tears than laughter. Surely it is beyond the pale for the nation's highest legal officer to say such things or even to think them. It is an outrage against the rule of law for anyone so insensitive to the basic principles of American justice to run the Justice Department.

Hasn't he heard of "innocent until proven guilty?" Apparently not. His view is guilty until proven innocent, and he also wants to limit the ability of an accused person to mount a defense in the first place. Following Meese's logic would mean doing away with trials. What's the point in all that rigmarole if we know from the outset that suspects are guilty or they wouldn't be suspects?

Meese has said many other nonsensical things recently. He opposes the exclusionary rule; he opposes applying the Bill of Rights against the states; he opposes a strict separation of church and state. All of these positions are bad enough. But the latest takes the prize. This man is a menace to the administration of justice and an embarrassment to the ideal of "Equal Justice Under Law."

ERIC AND ROSS DEPT.: The following quotes from my two sons came almost simultaneously tonight, and are (I feel) worth sharing:

Eric (to daddy): "We've had some problems tonight, daddy. I think we should work on those problems, so I won't be unhappy."

Daddy: "Okay, Eric, let's work on the problems."

Eric: "All right. So can I still have lots of toys for my birthday?"

Ross (to mommy): "If somebody offered me a million dollars, but they told me I had to give up hugging Mommy, I think I'd give up the million!"

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## DRACULA - YOU CAN'T KILL A GOOD MYTH

(Reprinted from the Los Angeles Times)

CASTLE BRAN, Romania: Cold autumn mist wreathed the gloomy towers of this 14th-century stronghold and the grey limestone crag beneath its walls. Among the branches of gnarled beech trees clinging to the bare rock, a small wren flitted enchantingly, beckoning two lone visitors up steep, mossy steps toward the iron-studded door of Dracula's castle.

"So," the guide said with an ominous hiss, "Now you are in Transylvania." So are a good many other foreign travellers these days, and not only at Halowe'en time, as they follow the trail of the fabled vampire count. Try as it might, and it certainly has tried, Romania has been unable to dispel the myth of Dracula.

The "undead" count's nocturnal prowlings for life-sustaining blood, fictional as they were, seem to have forever stamped this picturesque and little-known corner of Europe, nestled in an elbow of the Carpathian Mountains, with an undeserved image of Gothic evil.

Dracula the vampire was born in the mind of 19th century Irish author Bram Stoker, whose classic tale of horror won him instant popularity in 1897. With the advent of motion pictures, Stoker's novel inspired an endless stream of films, of which the best-known starred Bela Lugosi as the long-toothed Count in 1934. Mingling age-old superstitions with subliminal sexual themes, Dracula - for better or worse - has become an indelible part of Western culture. For 20th Century Romanians, however, Dracula poses something of a dilemma.

On the one hand, Romanian historians protest that Stoker's novel and the films it inspired have sullied the reputation of a proud land and a heroic Romanian prince of the 15th Century. The real Dracula, though he was a bloody tyrant, is now officially venerated as a founder of the capital city of Bucharest and an early defender of Romanian autonomy, a theme that looms large in the political language of the present-day Communist leadership under President Nicolae Ceausescu. On the other hand, the Romanian Ministry of Tourism has quite pragmatically succumbed to the spell of Dracula the Vampire, and turned it into a profitable lure for tourist dollars. "You can't kill a good myth," a Ministry official said philosophically. "Besides, you know the Americans; one has to indulge them."

Romania, a Balkan country the size of New York and Pennsylvania combined, with a population of 23 million, now plays host to 1.3 million Western tourists a year, including 20,000 Americans. They come to ski, or bask on the beaches of the Black Sea, or tour the frescoed monasteries of Bucovina near the Soviet border. Sooner or later, 80% of them ask about Dracula. While trying to set the record straight, Romanian guides have learned not to disappoint their charges.

"It's very hard to tell them it isn't true," one guide observed, "especially the Americans. They've come so far, and you should see their faces when I say it's just fiction. It's like taking a toy away from a child."

To indulge the faithful, the Romanians run trips from Bucharest to the superbly-preserved Castle Bran, three hours to the north - even though its links with the real Dracula are tenuous. For serious Dracula buffs, there is a new but appropriately Gothic hotel farther north in the Borgo Pass of the Carpathians, where Bram Stoker's fictional Dracula lived (in a manner of speaking) in a ruined castle. Until recently, off-duty staffers obligingly reposed in a coffin that guests were invited to open in a dank, candle-lit basement. (The practice was suspended when an elderly Spanish tourist complained to the Government of heart palpitations.)

The fictional Count Dracula is said to have sustained himself in an "undead" state for centuries by feasting on the blood of his countrymen, who then themselves became vampires. In Stoker's novel, set in the late 18th Century, Dracula conspires to transport himself to London to multiply his vampire legions, but is foiled and ultimately destroyed by Jonathan Harker, a young English lawyer, and his friends.

Separating truth from fiction in the matter of Dracula has not been easy, partly because the historical figure that Stoker borrowed is, at least by modern standards, scarcely more appealing than the vampire version. Contemporary drawings of the real Dracula also bear a striking resemblance to Stoker's description of his blood-sucking nobleman: The hatchet face, the hard eyes, the flowing moustache and the long, aquiline nose are the same. Only the dental work is different. In place of the sharp white fangs protruding over the Count's lower lip, the real Dracula had a noticeable underbite.

A prince of Wallachia, the Romanian province that lies immediately south of Transylvania between the Carpathians and the Danube, Vlad Dracul inherited his name (which means 'Vlad of the Dragon') from his father. The name he earned was Vlad Tepes - 'Vlad the Impaler.' "A tyrant of tyrants," as a 16th-century Austrian chronicle branded him, Vlad made a reputation over the whole of Europe by skewering his opponents, domestic and foreign, real and imagined, alive on long wooden staves and leaving them on display for general public reflection. Impaling was not a unique form of execution for the time, but Vlad seems to have carried it to extremes.

According to a German chronicle, in 1460 he impaled 30,000 men, women and children of the town of Brasov, not far from Castle Bran, when the town refused to submit to his rule. Romanian historians now contend that the Germans exaggerated this figure centuries ago for political reasons.

During two brief periods of rule, from 1456 to 1462 and again in 1476 (the year the Turks caught and beheaded him), Dracul also had hundreds of noblemen and their families impaled on suspicion of disloyalty. He eliminated poverty by eliminating the impoverished, and he imposed a regimen of law and order so terrifying that no one, it was said, dared to steal a large golden drinking cup he left by a public fountain.

Modern Romanian historians, however, prefer to dwell on Dracul's audacious treatment of the Turks, from whom he won a brief respite in the long period of subjugation by the Ottoman Empire. When Turkish envoys, in keeping with Muslim custom, refused to remove their turbans in his presence, he had the turbans nailed to their heads.

Dracul's most memorable military exploit came in June, 1462, with a daring nighttime raid on the camp of the superior forces of invading Turks. Leaving havoc in his wake, he proceeded to demoralize the survivors by preparing a "special sight" for Sultan Mohammed II along the Turkish line of march, according to a 1978 treatise published by the Romanian Academy



CASTLE BRAN





in Bucharest. The "sight" consisted in 20,000 Turkish soldiers impaled on tall poles in a field two miles wide and a half-mile deep. The Turks are said to have retreated in disarray back across the Danube, only to return when Dracul's appeasement-minded brother, Radu the Handsome, conspired to overthrow him.

Whatever else Dracul was, modern Romanians insist with some indignation, he was not a vampire. The correct image of the prince, historian Nicolae Stoicescu argued in a 1978 book, is that of a "valiant defender of his country's independence...a harsh but just ruler (who) protected the forebears of the present Romanian nation." Paraphrasing Sen. Barry Goldwater's famous epigram, Stoicescu argued that "excess in defense of freedom...is a virtue, not a sin."

But because the Dracula novel and films are little-known in Romania, the Romanians were slow to discover that the rest of the world does not immediately associate Dracula with the image of a freedom fighter. Awareness dawned in the early 1970s as the authorities noticed that, along with



their Japanese cameras, some western tourists - especially the Americans - were carrying vampire repellents. "It was very odd. Some of them wore strings of garlic and crucifixes," said an official of the Tourist Ministry. "We were taken by surprise. We didn't know who this Dracula was. Then we realized: They're talking about our Vlad the Impaler, whose real name was Dracula!"

Torn between setting the record straight and disappointing foreign tourists, the Ministry carried out a series of experiments on foreign visitors. At first, tour guides were instructed to stress geography and history and to play down superstitions and ghost stories. These, as it happens, abound in Transylvania, where a thousand years of Romanian, Hungarian and German folklore converge. Even today, most of the horse-drawn carts in the countryside are decorated with tassels of red yarn to ward off evil spirits.

Tourists reacted to the scholastic approach "enthusiastically, but with a sense that something was missing. So we went the other way with the second group," said the Ministry official. "We beat superstition into them three times a day. But it had negative effects; we found that it didn't take much to scratch through the rational mind and create real fear. Very quickly, we saw our tourists brooding. They wouldn't come out of their hotel rooms at night."

Their mood was not helped by the eerie din that sometimes resounds throughout the Transylvanian countryside on autumn nights. It was not the howling of wolves, and assuredly not ghosts; it was only farmers in the sugar beet fields blowing horns and banging drums to frighten away the wild boars that come down from the forest.

The inevitable conclusion was that tour guides should strike a balance between fact and folklore, and gauge carefully each group's threshold between fun and fear. Lately, they have been very successful, neither overwhelming the tourists' sensibilities with cold data nor stirring their subconscious terrors. The guides tell the truth, but they seem to underline it with Stoker's dialogue for Dracula to young Harker: "We are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England. Our ways are not your ways. And there shall be to you many strange things...."

[illegible]

GAME 1983HK - The Ambidextrous Aardvark - Spring 1909

ENGLAND (R.Anderson): a lon (h). a bre-gas. a lvp-wal. a edi-bel.  
f nat-mid. f iri (s) bel-eng. f nth (c) edi-bel. f hel (h).  
f bel-eng.

GERMANY (Keller): a ber-kie.

ITALY (D.Anderson): a ser-tri. a bud-vie. a gal-war. a tri-tyo. a pie-mar. a ven (s) tri-tyo. f ion-tyñ. f por-spa sc. f mid (h). f lyo (s) pie-mar. f gre (h).

RUSSIA (Egli): a mar (s) typ-pie. a war-pru. a tyo-pie. a sil-mun.  
a mos-war. a stp-mos. f hol-kie.

TURKEY (Touchette): a rum (s) bul. a bul (s) rum. a con (s) bul.  
f eas (s) aeg. f bla (s) rum. f aeg (s) bul.

Retreat: Russian a mar may retreat to Burgundy or off the board;  
Fall moves may be conditional on this fairly probable eventuality.

Okay, guys, get them Fall moves down on paper and have them on my desk by SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1985. Note that this is two days past Thanksgiving; please allow for that fact.

**TURKEY:** I didn't...I voted yes....

**TURKEY TO ENGLAND AND RUSSIA: Draw?**

**JAMUL TO TURKEY:** No, I'm sorry, I really don't draw very well....

;;-11-;;-11-;;-11-;;-11-;;-11-;;-11-;;-11-;;-11-;;-11-;;-11-;;-11-;;-11-;;

GAME 1983AC - The Wistful Wombat - Winter 1910

AUSTRIA (Rauterberg): Has: a's rom, ven (2).

ENGLAND (Pustilnik): A Sil /r/ Ber. Builds a lon, f edi, f lvp. Has:  
a's stp, mar, bur, ber, pic, par, hol, lon; f's lvp, edi, por, eng,  
bal. bel. mid. nth (16).

**FRANCE (Henry):** Removes a spa, f wes. Has: f's tyn, tun (2)

TURKEY (Walters): Builds a ank. Has: a's tyo, war, vie, mos, sil, tri, smy, ukr, ank; f's ion, aeg, nap, con, adr (14).

Spring 1911 Moves (already on file if this \_\_\_\_\_ is checked) are due just after Thanksgiving: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1985. Don't let holiday cheer cause you to miss, please....

LONDON TO ANONYMOUS STANDBY: I don't blame you for having all units hold. And I apologize for presenting you with such a dilemma.

JAMUL TO LONDON: Oh, no problem at all; I assure you, the gentleman laughed for twenty minutes.....

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# GAME 1985AJ - THE TERGIVERSATORY TAPIR - Fall 1904

AUSTRIA (Walters): a bul (s) bud-rum. a gre (s) bul. a vie (s) tri.  
a bud-rum. a tri (s) bud ((sic)).

ENGLAND (Fleming): a boh-vie. f nth (c) FRE hol-nwy. f nwg (s) FRE  
hol-nwy. f den (s) GER pru-swe ((sic)). f wes-tun.

FRANCE (J.Walker): a ruh-hol. a hol-nwy. a pie-tus. f mid-spa sc.  
f bre-mid. f lyo-tyun.

GERMANY (Caruso): a sil (s) pru-war. a pru-war. f bal-swe.

ITALY (Pustilnik): a ven (s) tyo-tri. a tyo-tri. f adr (s) tyo-tri.  
f ion-tun.

RUSSIA (D.Brown): a con-smy. a gal (s) war. a rum (s) gal. a lvn (s)  
war. a swe (s) nwy. a war (s) lvn. f nwy (s) swe. f bla-con.  
f aeg-ion. f bot (s) swe.

Retreats: Aus a tri to alb, ser, bud, or o.t.b. Rus f nwy to stp n,  
bar, ska, or o.t.b. Rus a rum to ser, ukr, sev or o.t.b. Winter adjust-  
ments may of course be conditional on any of these.

## CENTRES:

A: 6: vie, bud, ser, rum, bul, gre. Build one.

E: 5: lon, lvp, edi, den, mun. Even.

F: 8: par, bre, mar, spa, por, bel, hol, nwy. Build two.

G: 2: ber, kie. Remove one.

I: 5: rom, nap, ven, tun, tri. Build one.

R: 8: stp, mos, sev, war, swe, con, smy, ank. Remove two.

Retreats and adjustments are due Saturday, November 30, 1985. Watch it; that's Thanksgiving weekend, don't be caught off guard.

And thanks to Dan Gorham for standby moves; Italy's orders arrived the Monday after deadline, after six days in transit. Oh well....

PRAGUE: "...and so, forced-air heating was brought to Bohemia."

JAMUL: And nobody there has been coaled ever since (heh heh)....

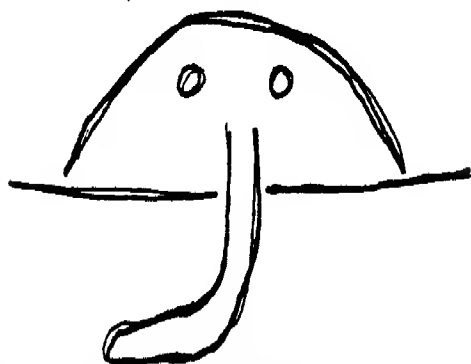
BRNO TO JAMUL: Guess who said that? He might talk you into some aluminum siding!

JAMUL TO BRNO: I saw an aluminum siding once. The first time the train ran onto it, it was flattened.

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Boy howdy! That was close - I really thought I'd run out of space. At least this time I remembered to leave Page 20 as a postal cover sheet, thus saving envelopes and extra postage. See you next ish! Be well.

FROM



CONRAD VON METZKE

4374 DONALD AVE.

SAN DIEGO CA

92117-3813

EE. UU.



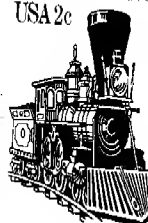
Boy Scouts

USA

Locomotive 1870s  
USA 2c



Locomotive 1870s  
USA 2c



Iceboat 1880s  
USA



NO STAMP?  
THEN BACK  
IT GOES,  
BABY!  
22¢ OR BUST!

To:

FIRST  
CLASS

Larry Peery  
PO Box 8416  
San Diego CA 92102-0416